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my first hourt	
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_	

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# DANIEL BOOKE

ADD TO ALL THE DIFFICULTIES FACED BY BELEAGUERED BOONESBOROUGH, THE INDIANS HAD BECOME
PHENOMENALLY SUCCESSEUL IN RAIDING SUPPLY TRAINS, MUNITIONS WAGONS AND TRAPPING AND HUNTING PARTIES...WHO DISAPPEARED RIGHT ALONG WITH THEIR CARGOS! THE ABILITY OF THE UNKNOWN ATTACKERS TO
SMEAR THE COLONISTS' WAGON TRAINS BECAME DOWNERGHT UNCANNY! SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE...AND FAST...
TO STOP THE RAIDS BEFORE CATASTROPHE SET IN! IT REMAINED FOR DANIEL BOONE TO TRACK DOWN THE HUMAN
HYENAS, NEVER DREAMING THAT HE HIMSELF WAS THEIR NEW MARKED-DOWN PREY! ONLY TOO LATE DID BOONE
DISCOVER THE...

MENACE OF THE RENEGADES!





















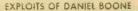














I CAN'T BE SURE, SAM! THEY DIDN'T UTTER A SOUND! BEFORE WE CONTINUE ON TO BOONES. BOROUGH, I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR FOOT PRINTS!



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE SITE OF THE AMBUSH ...

HERE'S THE ANSWER, SAM! BOOT PRINTS! LINLESS THE SHAWANESE ARE CHANG ING THEIR STYLE OF FOOTWEAR, I WAS ATTACKED BY WHITE

B-BUT EVERYBODY ON THE FRONTIER KNOWS YOU'RE FRIEND!

HOW DO YOU





EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, AT BOONESBOROUGH.

YUH COULDN'T HAVE COME BACK AT A

BETTER TIME, DAN'L! INJUN RAIDS'VE KNOW IT WAS INJUNS? BEEN DRIVIN' US CRAZY! MATT BORGUM WAS THE LATEST VICTIM! THE INJUNS GOT HIS WAGON AN' FOUR OF HIS WORKERS



HERE AT NOON TO INSPECT OUR TRAPS! THE BOYS'LL FEEL A LOT EASIER WITH YOU ALONG THE SHAWANESE! DAN'L.

THET'S GREAT! WE'RE LEAVIN'

BUT DANIEL CAN'T BE PRESENT AT EVERY SETTLE MENT ACTIVITY! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE ACTION AGAINST



















BARLY THE NEXT MORNING ...











I HAT AFTERNOON, AS CLINT AND MARK RUTLEDGE DROVE

































D-DAN'L! A MESSAGE JUST CAME! FROM ONE OF MATT'S MEN! HE TOOK OFF BEFORE WE COULD STOP HIM! I READ IT! IT'S A RANSOM NOTE! UNLESS BOONESBOROUGH PAYS A TERRIFIC PRICE FUR THE HOSTAGES THEY'RE HOLDIN', THEM THET DISAPPEARED IN THE RAIDS WILL BE KILLED!



WE'LL PAY NO RANSOMS BECAUSE WE CAN'T WAIT, DANIEL! I'LL G-GO ALONG! I TRUST THESE RENEGADES TO KEEP THEIR PROMISES, PAYMENT OR NO PAYMENT! I'LL FIND THE HOSTAGES MYSELF! C'MON, KNOW THESE SAM! WE'VE GOT FRESH TRACKS TO MEN! I CAN FOLLOW! BE OF HELP TO YOU!

HOURS LATER, IN THE WOODS.

HERE'S THE TRACK HOW CAN AGAIN, PLAIN AS THAT BE, DAY! IT'S HEADING DANIEL? MAY-STRAIGHT INTO SE WE'RE THE SIDE OF THE FOLLOWING A MOUNTAIN? DECOY?



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE TWO WOODS-MEN CREPT STEALTHILY THROUGH A VAST CAVE SYSTEM ...

NO WONDER NOBODY FOUND HIDE NOR HAIR OF THESE BUZZARDS DAN'L! THEY COULD CACHE HALF OF BOONESBOROUGH IN THESE CAVERNS

QUIET, SAM! WEIRE GETTING CLOSER! LIGHT AHEAD?







D-DORGUM! RIGHT, SAM! I'M THE RINGLEADER! I WENT ALONG WITH YOU AND DANIEL TO PROTECT MY BOYS! IT WAS I'M WHO HAD YOU AMBUSHED BEFORE YOU RETURNED TO BOONESBOROUGH! I KNEW WHAT A MEDDLER YOU COULD BE, DANIEL!

I MUST ADMIT SORRY, DORGUM! I COVERED YOU NO FOOL DANIEL BOONE! HE SEND MESSAGE MY TRACKS CLEVERLY I EVEN HAD TO US BEFORE HE LEAVE BOONES MYOWN WAGON **BOROUGH TO** STOLEN TRACK YOU TO MAKE SURE YOU O-AVERT NOT IN WITH THIEVES! NOW YOU SUSPICION! RAISE HANDS!







SHORTLY AFTER, AS THE HOSTAGES WERE RELEASED ...

# DANIES BOOKES

THE BRITISH WERE GIVING THE SETTLERS FITS AND CONNIPTIONS! DANIEL BOONE REALIZED THAT IF HE DIDN'T CUT THE BRITISH POWER AT ITS ROOTS, THE AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS WERE DOOMED! THEREFORE HE EMBARKED ON A PERILOUS PLAN TO DESTROY THE REDCOAT THREAT OR BE DESTROYED HIMSELF! THE LATTER SEEMED THE CERTAINTY AS BOONE STRUGGLED HELPLESSLY TO REACH HIS BITTER ENEMY...

## THROUGH THE INDIAN WALL



As IF THE INDIAN PROBLEM WEREN'T MENACING ENOUGH, THE COLONIES' WAR WITH ENGLAND PUT NEW AND MORE POWER-FUL WEAPONS INTO THE INDIANS' HANDS! NO LONGER DID THE TRIBESMEN ENCIRCLE A STOCKADE WITH MERE RIFLE FIRE!



THEY COULD NOW SMASH THROUGH THE STOCKADE WITH CANNON ... THANKS TO THE BRITISH!







AS LONG AS THE REDCOATS KEEP ARMING THE INJUNS, THE SETTLEMENTS ARE IN DANGER OF BEING WIPED OUT!
FORT MONTMORENCY IS THE BIGGEST BRITISH FORT IN THESE PARTS.
ISN'T IT?

YUP! IT'S AN ARSENAL,
PRACTICALLY!

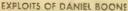


WELL, IF WE KEEP TRYING TO

TARNATION, BOONE! BY GATHERING YOU'RE TALKIN TOGETHER EVERY WILD! TO REACH MONTMORENCY ABLE-BODIED WOODSMAN ON YOU'VE GOT TO THE FRONTIER AND ATTACKING BUST THROUGH A SOLID WALL FORT MONTMOR-ENCY! BUT FIRST OF INJUNS I'VE GOT TO SYMPATHETIC TO SCOUT THE AREA THE REDCOATS TO PLAN THE ATTACK













































LATER THAT AFTERNOON, INSIDE FORT MONTMORENCY...

HALF THOSE BUILDINGS ARE LOAD-ED TO THE ROOPS WITH EXPLOS-IVES AND MUNITIONS! NOW YOU SEE WHY WE MAINTAIN CONSTANT VIGILANCE! IF OUR ENEMIES GOT INSIDE, THEY COULD BLOW THE FORT TO SMITHEREENS!

INJUN UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, MAJOR FITZGIBBON! HOURS LATER, AS 800NE AND SAM WALKED ABOUT THE FORTIFICATIONS UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE MAJOR'S SAFE CONDUCT PASS\_\_\_\_

ARE YOU THINKIN'
WHAT I'M THINKIN',
DAN'L? THAT NO
EXPEDITION HAS
TO BE SENT OUT!
THAT WE CAN HANDLE
THIS OURSELVES!

SMART LAD!
THAT'S WHY I
PLAYED UP TO
MAJOR FITZGIBBON! TONIGHT
WE STRIKE!















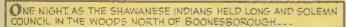




# DANIEL BOOKE

JUST AS THERE IS GOOD AND BAD IN EVERY MAN, SO THERE WAS GOOD AND BAD IN THE INDIAN TRIBES WHICH ENCIRCLED BOONESBOROUGH! THE GOOD WAS EMBODIED IN A PEACE-LOVING SACHEM APTLY NAMED HE-WHO-SMILES! THE EVIL RESIDED IN A HOT-HEADED CHIEFTAIN NAMED KE-MAH, A SCHEMER WITHOUT PARALLEL, WHO COULD ONLY REALIZE HIS VICIOUS AMBITIONS THROUGH TREACHERY! IT WAS TO PRESERVE THE SPIRIT OF PEACE AND THE LIVES OF THOUSAND INNOCENT PEOPLE THAT DANIEL BOONE EMBARKED UPON HIS...



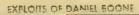


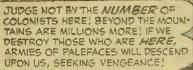
WE HAVE HEARD HE-WHO-SMILES TALK OF PEACE WITH THE SETTLERS! I SAY PEACE MEANS SURRENDER! SURRENDER ABJECT AND DISGUSTING! OUR TASK IS TO WIPE OUT THE SETTLEMENTS!



NOW THE PALEFACES ARE FEW AND WEAK! LATER THEY WILL COME IN A FLOOD OF STRENGTH! THE TIME TO STRIKE IS NOW! MAKE FUTURE SETTLERS FEAR TO SET FOOT ON OUR HUNTING GROUNDS!









HE-WHO-SMILES TALKS OF PEACE BECAUSE HE FEARS THE HAZARDS OF WAR! HE IS AN SHAWANESE! A TRAITOR!

I AM A BETTER FRIEND OF THE SHAWANESE THAN YOU ARE, KE-MAH! I WILL NOT SEE MY PEOPLE SLAUGHTERED IN A FUTILE FIGHT! WE MUST LIVE IN PEACE WITH THE



I WILL SET OUT TONIGHT ON A TOUR OF THE SHAWANESE VILLAGES TO CON-VINCE THEM NOT TO LISTEN TO KE-MAH'S WORDS OF EVIL! A FEW OF MY BRAVES WILL ACCOMPANY ME!

BE WARNED, HE-WHO-SMILES! YOU WILL NOT SUCCEED!





DON'T STARE! YOU HEARD ME! BUT IF YOU HARM IF I WERE RID OF HE-WHO-SMILES AND HIS PEACE TALK, I'D HE-WHO-SMILES, HIS CLAN AND HIS HAVE NO TROUBLE LEADING THE TRIBES INTO WAR! TWO SONS WILL AVENGE HIM!







YOU'RE RIGHT! LET ME THINK!
I HEARD HE-WHO-SMILES
REMARK THAT SHELTOWEE WAS
LEADING A HUNTING PARTY IN
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! SHELTOWEE IS HE-WHO-SMILES'
FRIEND! IF ANYONE (AN BRING
THEM TO HE-WHO-SMILES'
BROTHER IN SAFETY, IT IS HE!



















OUR SEARCH PARTIES
WILL FIND THEM,
KE-MAH! BUT FINDING
HE-WHO-SMILES
IS MORE DIFFICULT!
HE MIGHT HAVE
GONE TO ANY OF A
DOZEN VILLAGES!



HE-WHO-

SMILES

FILL HE
WILL NOT
ESCAPE
ME! I WILL
FIND

HOURS LATER, AS DANIEL BOONE
TRIED TO BYPASS HE-WHO-SMILES'
VILLAGE...

I-I HEAR A D-DO Y
THINK

















KNOW, SHELTOWEE, THAT WAS A SAMPLE OF I HEARD WHAT WHAT'S AHEAD THAT BRAVE SAID ABOUT KE-MAH BUT I'M NOT TRAILING HIM AND SO WORRIED ABOUT US AS I AM ABOUT AMBUSHING YOUR HIM! SHOULDN'T FATHER! WE GO TO MY FATHER'S RESCUE?

SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE WOODS.

LAUGHING BOYS, YOU'RE WORTHY STAR IS OF BEING CALLED HE-RIGHT! OUR WHO-SMILES' SONS! < FATHER IS THE QUICKEST WAY MORE TO REACH HIM IS BY CANOE THROUGH IMPORTAN. THAN WE! THE WOODS! WE'LL WE MUST STEAL A CANOE FROM SAVE HIM YOUR VILLAGE! SHELTOWEE

























## A HALF HOUR LATER, AS THE LAST STRETCH OF RAPIDS WAS NEGOTIATED.

Y-YOU DID IT, SHELTOWEE! OUR INDIAN LEGENDS SAY THAT MO MAN EVER CANOED THROUGH THE SHAWANESE RAPIDS AND LIVED!

THEY'LL HAVE TO RE-WR/TE THEIR LEGENDS...JUST AS KE-MAH MAY HAVE TO REVISE HIS PLANS! MY GUESS IS THAT HE WHO SMILES IS AT THE VILLAGE JUST ALEAD!



## SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE BELOW THE RAPIDS...

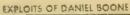
NO, SHELTOWEE!
HE-WHOSMILES IS
NOT HERE!
WHAT MAKES
YOU THINK
HE WAS ON
HIS WAY?

BECAUSE THERE ARE
LESS HOT-HEADS IN
YOUR VILLAGE, O
CHIEF, THAN ELSEWHERE! HE-WHOSMILES WOULD
TRY FIRST TO
RALLY IMMEDIATE
SUPPORT! I AM
GOING TO TEST MY
HUNCH STILL



TAKE CARE OF HE-WHO-SMILES' SONS AS YOU WOULD YOUR OWN! SEND OUT RUNNERS TO OTHER VILLAGES! TELL THEM OF KE-MAH'S TREACHERY! I'M GOING TO SEE IF HE-WHO-SMILES





















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## The Fires Of Boonesborough

ZEB CORNELL was a poor shot. Had he not been a poor shot, a poor surveyor and a poor anything-else-you-can-mention, he would not have become a rich man.

For in addition to his lack of competence in woodcraft, Zeb was a lazy man. Some lazy men have a knack of becoming rich. They're too slothful to take on the jobs honest men assume. So they think about the angles. The things other men don't think shout

Zeb used to watch the trappers bring in their huge hauls of furs. He'd lean on his dirty rifle and eye them enviously. He knew he was an indifferent trapper and so did the trappers. He knew he was a poor trail-blazer and so did the woodsmen. Zeb knew he couldn't make his way in life the way the others did. He figured it was time to do something about it.

It so happened one day when Zeb was sitting near the town pump in Boonesborough debating whether he should spend the afternoon sleeping or watching the local traffic go by that he heard hourse voices shouting, "Fire! Fire!"

Curiously he turned his head. Sure enough, Blake's stable was going up in flames. Old man Blake and his two sons came sprinting through the streets with empty buckets. Frantically they filled the buckets and sprinted back to the stable. Whoever poscessed buckets or who had the inclination to help did likewise. They filled buckets frantically and raced for the scene of the blaze.

But all for naught. The flames absorbed the water as if the flames were thirsty. The stable burned to the ground and everybody watched helplessly.

Two days later, the same thing happened to Mc-Ilherny's General Store. A dozen buckets of water couldn't arrest the roaring blaze. The day after that the Widow Guernsey's house burned down. Zeb Cornell watched it glow like a giant coal. He watched it thoughtfully, frowningly. The fires were giving him ideas.

A week later, Sam Dunnock's Livery caught fire. Sam ran screaming through the streets of Boonesborough, begging for help. Suddenly two wagons dashed up to the Livery. Thirty men gathered in front of the Livery as one man. At their head was lazy Zeb Cornell. Zeb indicated the wagons. "Sam, we can put out this fire. Aboard them wagons are two tanks full of well water. These thirty men are in my employ. They're a bucket brigade. Say the word an' we'll put out your fire!"

"S-Say the word?" Sam gasped. "For heavens' sake . . . put it out! I'm begging you!" Zeb nodded. "That's good, Sam. That's nice. But I'm runnin' a business. I pay these men salaries. Unless you pay

me forty dollars eash right now, they'll watch the buildin' burn down!"

Sam almost broke his arm getting the money out of his pocket. Zeb nodded as he pocketed the cash, "Okay, boys! Put 'er out!"

They did. Sam Dunnock's store was saved.

That was the beginning. In a matter of a month lazy Zeb Cornell acquired great wealth with his fire-extinguishing brigade. It was pretty plain . . . and galling . . . to everyone how Zeb was getting rich. Whenever a fire broke out in Boonesborough he stood by with his fire-fighting force until the hapless victim shelled out the amount Zeb required. The price varied with the value of the property and the victim's ability to pay. If the owner refused, Zeb allowed the house to hurn down.

Nobody would come right out and accuse Zeb, but he was always there . . . at the scene of the blaze, as much a part of it as the flames themselves. Did Zeb set the fires? Nobody knew. But even Zeb's thirty employees began to mutter how fires had become an almost daily occurrence in Boonesborough. Never had Boonesborough seen so many blazes. It got so that Boonesborough was more after than not. People muttered. People accused and not very silently. But the fires went on and Zeb prospered.

Then one day hourse cries sounded in Boonesborough, A house was on fire! Zeb ran to the scene with his wagons and his men. To his intense surprise he discovered that his OWN house was ablaze!

"W-What're you standin' there for?" he shricked at his men. "Put it out!" But Zeb's men stood there as if they heard nothing. The blaze mounted in fury and scope. Zeh turned as red as the flames. "Put it out, consarn you! PUT IT OUT!" As one man, his employees put their hands out, naming a staggering price. "Don't pay it, Zeb . . . an' we don't put out your fire. What's good for the others is good for you!"

Zeb carried on like a mad man. He yelled. He screamed. He threatened till he was blue in the face. But he could do nothing. His house burned to the ground. "You're FIRED!" he screamed at his men. "You're all fired!" Instead of being alarmed, his men shrugged.

"You can't fire us, Zeb," one of them said. "There was a town meetin' last night. The town voted an appropriation for a permanent fire patrol. They hired us. Looks like you're out of business!"

So Zeb went back to being a lazy man and the fires in Boonesborough became less numerous. Which only went to prove that good things sometimes come out of bad. Zeb's greed had turned out to be a public service!

# WAR TO THE FINISH



THE SHAWANESE, THE MOST POWERFUL TRIBE IN THE KENTUCKY TERRITORY, CONTAINED BOTH PEACEFUL AND WARLIKE GROUPS! THE LEAST PEACEFUL CLAN WAS LEAD BY THE INFAMOUS YELLOW

SNAKE!









AT THE SAME MOMENT, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY IT'S A GOOD THING I CHECKED YELLOW SNAKE'S VILLAGE! WHEN MAC AND PETER DIDN'T ARRIVE AT OUR RENDEZVOUS, I HAD AN IDEA YELLOW SNAKE HAD CAPTURED THEM!



BUT HOW TO SET THEM FREE? I CAN'T RUSH THE VILLAGE! YELLOW SNAKE WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER! HE'D HAVE THREE HOSTAGES!



























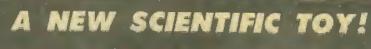






A.ND SO A THOUSAND SETTLERS WERE SAVED FROM WAR, THANKS TO SHAWANESE OVER-CONFIDENCE! AS FOR YELLOW SNAKE...HE KEPT HIS WORD! HE FOUGHT HIS WAR\_\_TO THE FINISH!





ONLY ST

NUTTY PUTTY ... real crazy!!! A liquid solid! Amozing and fun! Roll into e ball, it bounces! Hit with hammer - it shatters! Pull it slowly -it stretches! Press it on a comie book and it steals a perfect impression in color...Leave it alone and it sinks into a fired little puddle. Comes in a leakproof plastie egg ... You'll relax with this one - and really have a ball.

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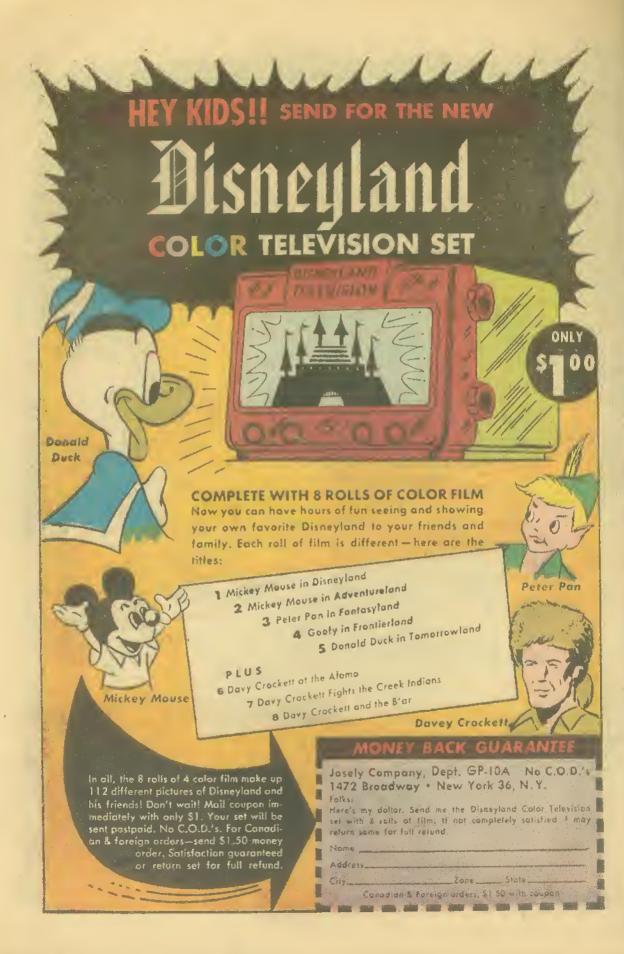
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present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's aven. that you won't feel there's even

anding room" left for weakness and that lazy "standing room" feeling. I'll wake up

that sleeping energy of Constitutions of the same yours and make it hum like a highpowered

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?
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the ticket! The identical natural
method that I rayself developed to
change my body from the scrawny
skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DOR-MANT muscle-power in your own God-given body-watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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-Henry Neven, Canada

"T gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

"What a difference! Have put 3 ½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

-F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

y a ur course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

VALUABLE TROPHY

GIVEN AWAY

-T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm in-creased one inch, my chest two inches."

-E, M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle." muscle.

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